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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

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[*Concluſion of the ſtory of* Mrs. WILSON.]

I Return now to Mrs. Wilſon, whom we left in a hackney coach, going to her own houſe, in all the miſery of deſpair and jealouſy. It was happy for her that her conſtitution was good, and her reſolution equal to it; ſhe has often told me that ſhe paſſed the night of that day in a condition little better than madneſs.

IN the morning her huſband returned; and as his heart was happy and without ſuſpicions of a diſcovery, he was more than uſually complaiſant to her. She received his civilities with her accuſtomed chearfulneſs; and finding

finding that buſineſs would detain him in the city for ſome hours, ſhe determined, whatever diſtreſs it might occaſion her, to pay an immediate viſit to his miſtreſs, and to wait there till ſhe ſaw him. For this purpoſe ſhe ordered a coach to be called, and in her handſomeſt undreſs, and with the moſt compoſed countenance, ſhe drove directly to the houſe. She enquired at the door if Mr. Roberts was within; and being anſwered no, but that he dined at home, ſhe aſked after his lady, and if ſhe was well enough to ſee company; adding, that as ſhe came a great way, and had buſineſs with Mr. Roberts, ſhe ſhould be glad to wait for him in his lady's apartment. The ſervant ran immediately up ſtairs, and as quickly returned with a meſſage from his miſtreſs, that ſhe would be glad to ſee her.

Mrs. Wilſon confeſſes that at this moment, notwithſtanding the reſolution ſhe had taken, her ſpirits totally forſook her; and that ſhe followed the ſervant with her knees knocking together, and a face paler than death. She entered the room where the lady was ſitting, without remembring upon what errand ſhe came; but the ſight of ſo much beauty, and the elegance that adorned it, brought every thing to her thoughts, and left her with no other power than to fling herſelf into a chair, from which ſhe inſtantly fell to the ground in a fainting fit.

THE whole houſe was alarmed upon this occaſion, and every one buſied in aſſiſting the ſtranger; but moſt of all the miſtreſs, who was indeed of a humane diſpoſition, and who, perhaps, had other thoughts to diſturb her than the mere feelings of humanity. In a few minutes, however, and with the proper applications, Mrs. Wilſon began to recover. She looked round her with amazement at firſt, not recollecting where ſhe was; but

ſeeing

ſeeing herſelf ſupported by her rival, to whoſe care ſhe was ſo much obliged, and who in the tendereſt diſtreſs was enquiring how ſhe did, ſhe felt herſelf relapſing into a ſecond fit. It was now that ſhe exerted all the courage ſhe was miſtreſs of, which together with a flood of tears that came to her relief, enabled her (when the ſervants were withdrawn) to begin as follows.

" I am indeed, madam, an unfortunate woman, and " ſubject to theſe fits; but will never again be the occa- " ſion of trouble in this houſe. You are a lovely wo- " man, and deſerve to be happy in the beſt of huſbands. " I have a huſband too; but his affections are gone " from me. He is not unknown to Mr. Roberts, though " unfortunately I am. It was for his advice and aſſiſt- " ance that I made this viſit; and not finding him at " home, I begged admittance to his lady, whom I " longed to ſee and to converſe with." Me, madam! anſwered Mrs. Roberts, with ſome emotion, had you heard any thing of me? " That you were ſuch as I have " found you, madam, replied the ſtranger, and had " made Mr. Roberts happy in a fine boy. May I ſee " him, madam? I ſhall love him for his father's ſake." His father, madam! returned the miſtreſs of the houſe, his father did you ſay? I am miſtaken then; I thought you had been a ſtranger to him. " To his perſon I " own, ſaid Mrs. Wilſon, but not to his character; and " therefore I ſhall be fond of the little creature. If it is " not too much trouble, madam, I beg to be obliged."

THE importunity of this requeſt, the fainting at firſt, and the ſettled concern of this unknown viſitor, gave Mrs. Roberts the moſt alarming fears. She had, however, the preſence of mind to go herſelf for the child, and to watch without witneſſes the behaviour of the ſtranger. Mrs. Wilſon took it in her arms, and burſting into

into tears, ſaid, " Tis a ſweet boy, madam, would I " had ſuch a boy! Had he been mine I had been happy!" With theſe words, and in an agony of grief and tenderneſs, which ſhe endeavoured to reſtrain, ſhe kiſſed the child, and returned it to its mother.

IT was happy for that lady that ſhe had an excuſe to leave the room. She had ſeen and heard what made her ſhudder for herſelf; and it was not till ſome minutes after having delivered the infant to its nurſe, that ſhe had reſolution enough to return. They both ſeated themſelves again, and a melancholy ſilence followed for ſome time. At laſt Mrs. Roberts began thus.

" You are unhappy, madam, that you have no child; I " pray heaven that mine be not a grief to me. But I con- " jure you, by the goodneſs that appears in you, to acquaint " me with your ſtory. Perhaps it concerns Me; I have a " prophetic heart that tells me it does. But whatever I may " ſuffer, or whether I live or die, I will be juſt to You."

Mrs. Wilſon was ſo affected with this generoſity, that ſhe poſſibly had diſcovered herſelf, if a loud knocking at the door, and immediately after it the entrance of her huſband into the room, had not prevented her. He was moving towards his miſtreſs with the utmoſt chearfulneſs, when the ſight of her viſitor fixed him to a ſpot, and ſtruck him with an aſtoniſhment not to be deſcribed. The eyes of both ladies were at once rivetted to his, which ſo encreaſed his confuſion, that Mrs. Wilſon in pity to what he felt, and to relieve her companion, ſpoke to him as follows. " I " do not wonder, ſir, that you are ſurprized at ſeeing a " perfect ſtranger in your houſe; but my buſineſs is " with the maſter of it; and if you will oblige me

" with

" with a hearing in another room, it will add to the ci-
" vilities which your lady has entertained me with."

WILSON, who expected another kind of greeting from his wife, was ſo revived at her prudence, that his powers of motion began to return; and quitting the room, he conducted her to a parlour below ſtairs. They were no ſooner entered into this parlour, than the huſband threw himſelf into a chair, fixing his eyes upon the ground, while the wife addreſſed him in theſe words.

" How I have diſcovered your ſecret, or how the diſ-
" covery has tormented me, I need not tell you. It is
" enough for you to know that I am miſerable for ever.
" My buſineſs with you is ſhort; I have only a queſtion to
" aſk, and to take a final leave of you in this world.
" Tell me truly then, as you ſhall anſwer it hereafter,
" if you have ſeduced this lady under falſe appearances,
" or have fallen into guilt by the temptations of a wan-
" ton?" I ſhall anſwer you preſently, ſaid Wilſon; but firſt I have a queſtion for You. Am I diſcovered to her? And does ſhe know it is my wife that I am now ſpeaking to? " No, upon my honour, ſhe replied;
" her looks were ſo amiable, and her behaviour to me
" ſo gentle, that I had no heart to diſtreſs her. If ſhe
" has gueſſed at what I am, it was only from the concern
" ſhe ſaw in me, which I could not hide from her."
You have acted nobly then, returned Wilſon, and have opened my eyes at laſt to ſee and to admire you. And now, if you have patience to hear me, you ſhall know all.

HE then told her of his firſt meeting with this lady, and of every circumſtance that had happened ſince; concluding with his determinations to leave her, and with a thouſand promiſes of fidelity to his wife, if ſhe generouſly conſented, after what had happened, to receive him as a huſband—" She muſt conſent, cried Mrs.

" Roberts,